

BEHIND THE GATES

As dawn arrived, an ordinary day became brighter.
Not only with the arrival of Christmas but because the promise became a fact.
I already envisioned the celebration beneath the lights of snow crystals.
The colors would gain new shades, and gold would adorn my promise.

I did everything that was necessary, without the need for a formal request.
From distant galaxies, my willingness to do my best was visible.
I decorated the Christmas tree with ornaments and fantasies.
For me, dawn was no longer a promise but another dream fulfilled.

Betrayal only hurts when feelings are alive.
My dawn turned into an eternal night.
My spirit screamed in the building, wishing it was just a nightmare.
Your family, who once celebrated, now folded my mourning in silence.

The snowflakes fell, but the cold did not come from winter.
It came from the silence within walls that once held color.
The gold of the promise faded into shades of gray.
And in the reflection of the glass, I saw a face that was no longer mine.

The hallways that once echoed with beautiful memories became empty.
Anxious footsteps searched for memories in ruins.
The building turned into a dark theater.
Where applause was replaced by jeers.

The windows were open, but the air brought no relief.
The invisible weight of lies rested upon my chest.
And even if I called out the name.
The wind carried the words away before they could be heard.

I built a crystal castle in a sky of hope.
But the shards of manipulation cut the hands that built it.
The alliance between dreams and reality crumbled in an instant.
And the trust once crafted was replaced by a mask of indifference.

Time moved on, but it did not take away the chains that held my dreams to the ground.
The days passed, but they did not open the locked gates.
The clock turned, but I remained in the same night.
A prisoner of a book whose ending I had not written.

A contract signed with illusion and false hopes that lasted three winters.
A bond that, even after being broken, kept me imprisoned for another 29 months.
I stepped out of the narrative you had built, and thus, my wings were painted black.
65 months, and to me, they were 29 life sentences.

I held on until the last second, until the last day, hoping it was all a lie.
I must confess that I tried, but I couldn't wait to stop watching time pass through the
gates.
My greatest sigh of relief upon reaching 29.
Was to be beyond the gates and realize that place was never mine.

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